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OR

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OF

## AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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### *SAMBRAC THE INDIAN.*

A TALE.

A VIRTUOUS mind may, in a moment when the passions are triumphant, harbour an unworthy sentiment ; but when Reason reassumes her sway in a breast replete with native honor, how noble is the atonement ! Such was the case with Sambrac the Indian ; his heart was the seat of many virtues, and divided in affection between Orra and Hamet.— Love softened the impetuous temper of Sambrac, friendship corrected in a great measure his ardent passions. Orra, the amiable daughter of a late beloved chief, had listened with satisfaction to the suit of Sambrac, till she found that a similar flame burned in the bosom of Hamet. They were friends and brothers : how then could she shew a preference that might sow the seeds of discord between them ? With generous policy she strove to defer her decision till chance might direct the admiration of one to some other object. Delay inflamed the passion of Sambrac ; jealous mistrust took full possession of his soul, and he regarded his brother with looks of gloomy suspicion. The oppressed heart of Hamet could ill brook this treatment from the dear companion of his earliest hours. " Oh, my brother," he would cry, " kill me rather with your arrow than with your eyes ;

for I have lived too long when you begin to hate me." Sambrac threw aside his bow, and rushed into his brother's arms. A pause of tender emotion succeeded ; but the rapid imagination of Sambrac hurried forward a new train of ideas. Starting back, he exclaimed, " What puerile folly this ! Let us act as men. Did not our father bid us live but for each other ? We have both set our hearts on one object, and which can live to see her in the arms of the other ! Let us then destroy this sorceress, who would separate our hearts. Then shall we know no future jealousies, but each will remember with gratitude the noble sacrifice of love to fraternal affection." This plausible address worked on the feelings of Hamet ; he was uncertain which was the object beloved by Orra, and her irresolution wounded his pride. He gave his consent to the cruel deed, which the resolute Sambrac was to perpetrate. At her appearance he withdrew, to mix some powder in the drink of which she was to partake. The countenance of Orra was dressed in smiles. When Sambrac returned, she presented a hand to each, and cheerfully joined in the morning song. But what where the emotions of Hamet, when she raised the poisonous beverage to her lips ! A momentary impulse directed that he should dash the cup from her hand ;

but the vigilant eye of Sambrac too powerfully withheld him. When she had finished her draught, she gave the cup to Hamet. In a few minutes her eyes grew dim: a sickly damp crept over her limbs; she sunk on the grass; and while the agonized Hamet supported her with his arm, Sambrac leaned over her with a look of horrible anxiety. "I feel the hand of death is on me," said Orra; but how to account for this sudden sensation I know not: but, as the hour of my departure draws near, reserve shall end; my preference can now cause strife.

Beloved friends, adieu! Hamet, receive my last sigh; my shade shall often visit you, to give you comfort till the hour when we shall meet again in bliss: my love was ever thine. Sambrac, brother of my beloved, farewell. Hamet I die." Distraction seized the brain of Hamet; he threw himself on her cold body, kissed her forehead and cheek, and bathed her with his tears: then rising with a look of calm resignation, he bent his body towards the sun, and turning again to his brother, said, Sambrac, friendship has had its victim; now for the rights of love. Orra, we shall not long be parted." With these words, he drew forth his knife, and would have pierced his bosom with the deadly weapon. Sambrac arrested his arm; his looks were wild with horror. "What has the infernal fiend tempted me to? Hamet, I alone must die; for the hour has arrived in which my treachery renders a father's mandate void. In innocence alone he willed that we should live together, and I have broke the covenant. Orra is not dead; a wicked design to supplant my brother urged me to this hateful stratagem. The infusion with which she appears to have been poisoned, is a powerful opiate only; and by night I meant to have conveyed her privately far up the island, where I hoped to win her whole affection, and selfishly leave a brother to anguish and despair. Her words have undeceived me: Orra loves you alone. May you with her enjoy the happiness which the treacherous Sambrac

would have deprived you. Embrace me, brother; I kneel to implore your forgiveness: and for ever after let the guilty Sambrac be banished from your memory." In a moment his own hand inflicted a mortal wound, and he expired at the feet of Hamet, who vainly strove to prevent the horrid act; and night drew on before he attempted to remove the body. Returning animation in the body of Orra first roused him from the dreadful lethargy into which he had fallen: he hastened to recal her torpid senses, and bore her from a scene so shocking. Sincere affliction filled their hearts; and the grave of the rash Sambrac was daily visited by the young lovers, who never failed to teach their offspring the sad story of the unfortunate Sambrac as a means of preserving them from the fatal effects of indulging, even for an instant, a criminal thought.

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### NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

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(Continued.)

AT SEA, — —

MY DEAR — —,

I RENEW my desultory occupation:—*la tache journaliere, telle que vous la voulez*. On the first day of his arrival on board, our distinguished passenger, displayed rather an eager appetite: I observed that he made a very hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the 53d regiment: when he personally required them to give the airs of "God save the king," and "Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in the French language. I remarked that, on these occasions, he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude, which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Thuilleries when given audience to his marshals or officers of state. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff box; and it struck me as a particular

circumstance, to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity—that he never offered a pinch to any one with whom he was conversing.

On the subsequent day he breakfasted at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee.—At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship, than would be shown to a private gentleman, nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives. He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who always appear before him uncovered, so that if a line were drawn round him, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the palace of Saint Cloud;

He played at cards in the evening: the game was whist, and he was a loser. It did not appear to be played in the same way as is practised at our card-tables in England; but I am not qualified to explain the varieties.

The whole of the next day Napoleon passed in his cabin. It was generally perceived by his attendants that he was sea-sick; but he was either so little of a sailor, if that can be supposed, as not to know the ordinary effects of the ship's motion on persons unused to the sea, or he suspected that his megrim arose from some other cause; for, it seems he would by no means allow the salt water origin of it. None of his people, I presume, would venture, on the occasion, to repeat to him his brother Canute's practical lecture to his courtiers, on the unmannerly power of the ocean.

Among his baggage were two camp-beds, which had accompanied him in most of his campaigns. One of them, a very improbable destination when it was first constructed, was now an essential article of his [cabin; the other was no longer to give repose to some military hero, in the hurry of a campaign, but is pressed by such a marine heroine as madame Bertrand, amidst the dashing of waters. They are, however, altogether as comfortable as the combined skill of the upholsterer and the machinist could make them. They are about six feet long and three feet wide, with strong green silk furniture: the frames are of steel, and so worked and shaped, as to surprise by their lightness and the consequent ease with which they are moved. When I happened to be seated on one of them, I could not but

reflect on the battles of Wagram, Austerlitz, Friedland, &c.

This was a situation, where the politician and the sage might be inspired, as it were, to contemplate the changes and the chances of the world; but as I do not presume to possess enough of those characters, either distinctly or collectively, to justify my engaging in a train of reflection on these affecting subjects, I shall leave such employment to your better thoughts, and the exercise of your enthusiastic propensity.

Notwithstanding it blew fresh, and there was considerable motion, Bonaparte made his appearance upon deck between three and four, P. M. when he amused himself with asking questions of the lieutenant of the watch; such as, how many leagues the ship went in an hour?—whether the sea was likely to go down?—what was the strange vessel on the bow of the Northumberland?—In short, enough to prove that nothing escaped his notice. But I could not help smiling when I beheld the man who had stalked so proudly, and with so firm a step over submissive countries, tottering on the deck of a ship, and catching at any arm to save himself from falling: for he has not yet found his sea-legs. Among other objects of his attention, he observed, that Mr. Smith, who was taking the usual to-and-fro walk with his brother midshipmen, to be much older than the rest; and, on this account, he appears to have asked him how long he had been in the service; and, being answered—nine years—he observed, that surely is a long time.—It is, indeed, said Mr. Smith, but part of it was passed in a French prison; and I was, sir, at Verdun, when you set out on your Russian campaign.—Napoleon immediately shrugged up his shoulders, with a very significant smile, and closed the conversation.

I must here tell you, once for all, if I have not already made the observation, that he seldom or ever omitted an opportunity of asking a question; and it was about this time that he made a most unexpected inquiry of our orthodox chaplain; whether he was not a Puritan? I need not tell you what would be the reply, and you may conjecture, probably, what might be the feelings of a gentleman clothed in a canonical orders, and firm in canonical principles, when he was saluted with such an interrogatory.

He wished also to have his curiosity gratified respecting a religious community in Scotland called Johnsonians, who he understood, were a very active set in that part of Britain. His conversation, at all times, consisted of questions, which never fail to be put in such a way, as to prohibit a return of them. To answer one question by another, which frequently happens in common

discourse, was not admissible with him. I can conceive that he was habituated to this kind of colloquy, when he sat upon such a throne as that which supported him, and before which no one spoke but when he commanded utterance: nor does he seem disposed to lay it aside when he sits in the cabin, stands in the gangway, or patrols the deck, of a ship, where he is subject to the control of its commander. The foundation of this singular question, therefore, was not attainable. As in the various plans he had laid for invading our tight little island, as the song has it, it is not improbable that he might have looked towards the Hebrides, as capable of favoring his design; and if so, doctor Johnson's Tour thither might have been curiously consulted, and may I not deduce these Johnsonians from such a combination of circumstances?—Many a doubt has been reconciled by more vague conjectures: that eminent writer's opinions, however, as you will probably suggest, are not altogether calculated to form a sect on the other side of the Tweed. But, *badinage apart*, I should be glad to know the origin of these Johnsonians, and if we should be tossed and tumbled in the course of our voyage, into a sufficient degree of familiarity for me to ask the question of the ex-emperor, I will endeavor to be satisfied.

He appeared to be very much struck by two long-boats (gigs) placed with their bottom upwards on our launch on the booms: their singular length attracted his notice, while their particular use and application produced such a succession of inquiries on his part, as almost to suggest an opinion, that he entertained a suspicion of their being a part of the naval apparatus peculiarly provided to prevent his escape from the island to which he was destined. The answer he received was a quiet remark as to their general employment in the British fleets: to which he made no reply.

The name of Talleyrand happening to occur in the course of conversation with our French shipmates, the high opinion entertained of his talents by the Bonapartists was acknowledged, without reserve. On my asking at what period he was separated from the councils and confidence of Napoleon, it was replied, at the invasion of Spain. I then observed, that the reports in England, respecting that circumstance were correct as to time, and I presumed were equally so as to the cause: his unreserved disapprobation of that bold and adventurous enterprise. This met with an instant contradiction: which was followed by a most decisive assertion, that the prince of Benevento approved of the Spanish war, and founded his recommendation of that measure on his unalterable opinion, which he boldly com-

municated to the emperor, that his life was not secure while a Bourbon reigned in Europe.

I entered further on this subject with madame Bertrand, and she actually and most unequivocally asserted, that Talleyrand was in secret communication with Napoleon when they were last at Paris, and that he would have joined them in a month. His proposed departure from Vienna to take the waters at Aix la Chapelle was under the cloak of indisposition, to conceal his duplicity. 'Can you persuade yourself, madame,' I said, 'that Talleyrand, if he had the inclination, possessed the power to influence the court of Vienna in favour of the son-in-law?' 'The court of Vienna!' she exclaimed, 'O yes, yes: he has the capacity to influence all the courts of Europe! If he had but joined the emperor, we should, at this instant, have been in Paris: and France would never more have changed its master.'—Of this man's virtues I heard no eulogium: but you will now be a competent judge how his political talents were appreciated in the French circle on board the Northumberland.

On my asking count Bertrand which of the French generals had amassed the greatest portion of wealth: he, without the least hesitation, mentioned Massena: though, he added, they have all made very considerable fortunes. Macdonald, duke of Tarentum, he appeared to think had made less than any other. Of Davoust, duke D'Eckmühl, he spoke, to our extreme astonishment, in an animated strain of panegyric, which was instantly met with an outcry from all who heard it, respecting the conduct of that officer, at Hamburgh, which we represented as atrocious beyond example. This he would not allow: on the contrary, he described him as a zealous, correct, and faithful commander: and far from being destitute of humanity: as notwithstanding his notions of military obedience, which were known to be of the most rigid kind, he did not act up to the severity of his instructions. As for his taking a bribe, Bertrand declared him to be incapable of such baseness: and asserted, from his own knowledge, that a very large sum had been offered him to connive at the sailing of some ships from Hamburg in the night, which he refused with the disdain of a faithful soldier and an honorable man.

Count de las Cases, also took up the subject of the marshals of France, and spoke of them with very little reserve. He described Massena as having been originally a fencing master: but, that, previous to his campaign in the peninsula, he was considered by the French nation as equal, if not superior, to Bonaparte in his military capacity. From that period the count repre-

sented him as having dwindled into absolute insignificance. He is avaricious, he said, in the extreme, though he has only one child, a daughter, to inherit his enormous wealth.

(To be continued)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"Ye Gods! so somebody sublimely sings,  
What grand effects arise from little things."

PR'YTHEE (says I to Harry the Collegian) pr'ythee Harry, tell me why 'tis that you wear no band on your Hat? O, I lost it t'other day, and—nay Harry, if you lost it at all, you lost it t'other month; come, tell me candidly why it has not been replaced; why, (replied he a little embarrassed) to say the truth, I took it off purposely; the want of it makes me look *singular*; gives me an air of *originality*, make me look like a *Genius* (coming out boldly) a *Genius*! ha, ha! a *fool* more like. Nay, nay, replied he, not so; for when I wore a *hat-band*, I could scarce attract any attention; now the Ladies are continually staring at me, & enquiring what *Genius* that is. Aye, Harry, but recollect "one fool makes many; and the first fool —," "the proverb is somewhat musty;" (pardon us, Ladies! intent only upon the reproof of Harry, we looked not, then before we left.) The effect was good; Harry's ingenious method of being a *Genius*, hath lost its charms to him, he now appears in ordinary. Singularity—Originality—Genius: pr'ythee, ye whom the garment fits, doth not something of the same complexion with this, afford the only explication, why ye are *thus* and *thus*? what a piece of work is man! how infinitely weak in vanity! shame on't, that in the desire to attract more notice than his fellows, he should be content to owe that attraction, not to any mental improvement, any laudable qualification, or acquirement; but to a most frivolous and uncouth difference in outward show; or, what is worse, by putting on an appearance, which in his own idea, seems to proclaim the possession of qualities,

which would, indeed, exalt him! pondering upon the excuse of Harry, now the Ladies are continually staring at me, and enquiring what *Genius* that is, (which, though spoken with an air of facetiousness, I could perceive he gave more credit to, than he was willing I should believe he did) and recollecting that

"Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,

By Wit, by Valor, or by Wisdom won,  
The first and fairest in a young man's eye."

Is woman's admiration. The conviction flashed upon me, that this desire is the sole cause of those abominably absurd *showings off*, of the young men of the age; those pestiferous innovations, which the *little fry* of the present day, are constantly making in the substantial manners of their Ancestors. Insulting, my fair readers, as is their belief in the means of its attainment, no other is their object! Aye, to such lengths does their ambition to obtain your *notice* (which by the bye with them, is synonymous with *admiration*) carry them, that certain of gaining the former by such qualifications, each now endeavors to surpass his fellow in being *bravely impudent*; for such is the nature of ambition in weak minds, that 'tis a matter of indifference, whether their celebrity, so it is attained, tends to their commendation or discredit. Thus, I have seen a fellow, with the most superlative impudence of aspect, in our public and private assemblies, conduct in such away, as to disgust every female in his vicinity; and then, having gained his object, by being the subject of their animadversions, he would wrap himself in a garb of self complacency, which, not the most palpable contraction of the nasal muscle in the fair objects of his persecution, could disrobe him of. This method of being possessed of "woman's captive heart," but coincides with the assumed tenets of the rising generation; with regard to the sex—their character, faculties and proper sphere. O, hang it!

'tis such a departure from the reverence due to heavenly Woman, that in its contemplation I lose that placidity, which age and experience bid me ever retain in my breast. I should act inconsistent with the respect, which my Father before me, myself, and indeed all the SNEER family have entertained, and do entertain for the female character, for those virtues which bid prosperity prosper; and oft impart the only light, which the darkness of adversity is susceptible of; which when called into action by connubial affection, impart such *balm to hurt minds*, as "none but he who feels it knows;" which, in the pursuit of —, but pshaw; what have I do with panegyric now?—I should be glaringly inconsistent, I say, were I not to give way to the ardent zeal which now burns within me, to become the reformer of this trait in the character of the times: therefore,

"Witness, ye ever burning lights above!"

I, *Solomon Sneer*, esq. "do give up the execution of my Wit, Hand, Heart," to Woman's wronged service, & henceforth will, with,

"Satire's shaft and lash of ridicule!"

Stand ready to scourge every folly, which the fair beings in whose cause I fight, shall point out as befitting castigation.

SOL. SNEER.

From the New-York Daily Gazette.

## ON THE ANCIENT SALTNESS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LAKES.

It is highly gratifying to observe the increasing interest which the natural history of our country has excited. The following letter treats of the Great Lakes of North-America, and the adjoining regions, in a geological point of view. It will undoubtedly tend to stimulate inquiry, and induce travellers to become attentive Observers of the scenes around them.

The beautiful slab of dove coloured marble lately brought by Major-General

Brown from the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario, in Jefferson county, New-York, evinces the former dominion of the Ocean in the place where it was quarried. For it is filled with *Scallops* or *Pectinites*, animals of the marine character, and not known to inhabit any other than salt water.

The very peculiar fossils, embedded in Silicious Rock, brought by Major Long, of the Corps of Engineers, from the banks of the river Illinois, warrant a like conclusion, as to the tract, lying between the Michigan and the Mississippi. The hills of Cockles, and some other remains of a new and extraordinary nature, distinguishable in them, are referable only to creatures of the sea.

So, the petrifications of Michillimackinac, collected by Dr. Stevenson, convince the geologist who examines them, that they were, at some former period, covered by a briny fluid. Fort Holmes stands on a summit of the island, several hundred feet above the level of Lake Huron. The rock which supports that military work, is a lime stone intermixed with flint, and running into chalk, with variegations of fluted bivalve shells. These strata must have been placed where they are, by the agency of an ancient ocean.

Thus, it appears that the regions bordering on Ontario, Huron and Michigan, bear witness of a former submersion in salt water; which having been drained off by the falls and cataracts, has been succeeded by fresh water.

With these facts before him, the reader will comprehend more clearly, the facts and reasoning in the following letter, worthy of a Pallas or a Humboldt. Geological consideration on the condition of the Middle Lakes of North America, addressed to the Honorable Samuel L. Mitchill, Professor of Natural History in the University of New-York, &c. by B. F. Stickney, Esq. dated Indian Agency office, Fort Wayne, January 21, 1817.

"DEAR SIR—I have not had the pleasure of seeing, or having any communication with you, since I left the City of Washington in the spring of 1812, for this place. I have frequently

recollected our last interview : it was in the office of the Secretary of State—when you lectured me upon the necessity of greater industry in collecting and arranging Geological Observations. I must acknowledge my indolence not withstanding.

" But, as you have been so good as to open the field of inquiry in relation to the inland seas of this continent, in relation to the past and present state of their waters and inhabitants ; and as I have spent several years in the neighbourhood of those seas, I will try to assist you in carrying that inquiry a little farther.

" From such observations as I have been able to make personally, and some others supported by the testimony of great numbers, I am of opinion, that at some remote period the water of those seas west of Niagara Falls, were discharged through the Mississippi River, if there were any discharge—and for the following reasons :

" 1st I believe that no person who has viewed Niagara Falls attentively, has doubted that at some period, the ridge of rock over which the water now passes has been much higher than it now is.

" 2d. That there is not much difference in the level of the water in the Lakes or Seas Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan, perhaps not more than five feet.

" 3d. That the height of land dividing the water between the Seas and the Mississippi River is very low ; particularly where the Illinois and Chenango Rivers have their source, and discharge in opposite directions. So low that perogues pass three or four months in the year without difficulty, from the Michigan Sea to the Illinois River. The height of land is computed at about eighteen feet above the surface of the sea.

" 4th. That all the western parts of the States of Ohio, and Indiana, and the Illinois Territory, are of alluvial formation. That the Prairies produce convincing proofs to the observer, that it has not been many centuries since

they have been covered with water ; and that that water subsided very gradually. From which, all the higher spots of ground in the Prairies have become clothed with forest trees, and the lower have none ; as although the lower ground had not had time for the trees to take root, and grow, since the water had subsided.

[ To be concluded in our next ]

### A LADY WITH DEATH'S HEAD.

AN end is put to the *enigma* which has so long excited public curiosity.—The young lady with *Death's Head* is distinguished forever ; but before we relate the happy and singular *denouement* of this most extraordinary adventure, we shall describe a few of the persons who aspired to the honor of her hand. They calculate among her lovers 547 reformed Rakes, and 155 ruined Gamblers. She received twenty-five or thirty letters from Belgium, (not post paid) written by certain well known characters, who said they never would revolt, though she should prove to be the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress and wed the plague itself, so they could procure abundance of gold.

The mind of the young lady did not tend to a union, in pursuance of the above invitations, but her heart was not insensible. She desired to find in France a husband to answer one she had drawn in her mind. In the brilliant society, she attended constantly in a mask of wax, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views. The young man, on his part, was charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments which the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation. In short, he declared, that all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she would feel in acceding to his proposal, but she expressed to him, at the same

time, the dread that he would repent on beholding her face, which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She urged him to beware of rashness, and consider well, whether he could bear the wretched disappointment he might incur. "Well, well," said the young man, in a tone of penetration, "accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband."—"I consent," replied she, "but remember, that I shall not survive the appearance of affright, and disgust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage." "I will not shrink from the proof; it is your heart, and not your figure I love." "In eight days," said the lady, "you shall be satisfied." They prepared for the marriage, and notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property on him.—"If you have not courage enough to suffer," said she, "for your companion, I shall, at least, be consoled by the reflection that I have enriched him I love, and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory." Returning from the altar she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask—What a situation for the husband! His heart palpitated; his face turned pale—the mask fell—he beheld an angel of beauty!—She then exclaimed affectionately—"You have not deserved deformity; you merit the love of beauty."

The happy couple left Paris the day before yesterday for Livonia, where the immense property of the lady is situate. There will be no more talk at Paris respecting the lady with Death's Head.—*Gaz. de France, Jan. 6.*

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VOLTAIRE.

When the order of Jesuits was broken, the chateau of Voltaire afforded an asylum to one whose name was *Adam*, a man of integrity, but little talent—"Give me leave, said Voltaire to his company, to introduce to you father *Adam*, but not the *first of men*."

SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

Extracted from D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

THE Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamschatskan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but at length, obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloth or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies.—The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest whom he had so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin, till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

As a distinguished mark of their esteem the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, '*Tana!*'—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity,

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A MODERATE PLAYER.

A person saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his understanding—"Faith," says another present, "I now see the reason you never play deep."

## ICELAND.

This extraordinary island is situated partly within the arctic circle, and between 12 and 25 deg. of West long. from London—is of an oval figure, and about 220 miles long from East to West.—The whole country is composed of stony and barren mountains, whose summits, though they do not exceed 5000 feet, are covered with glaciers. These mountains present two distinct characters; first, those formed by thirty to forty regular horizontal strata of rock; while the second are composed of various substances mingled and confused, such as great masses of rock, agglomerations of pumice stone, &c. cemented by gravel and clay. These are evidently of volcanic origin, and indeed the whole island may be considered as a vast cauldron filled with combustible matters, whose ignition produces frequent and sometimes most dreadful earthquakes and eruptions; amongst which, those of 1783 were most tremendous of any recorded in history. "In that year," says the Abbe Ordinaire, "it was feared that this island would fall to pieces, so dreadful and multiplied were the convulsions produced by its volcanoes and internal fires. A thick sulphureous smoke rendered the island absolutely invisible to mariners at sea, while the people on shore were in danger of being suffocated by it. The fog, which about this time spread all over Europe, was considered as an effect of those exhalations. Frightful hollow roarings proceeded from the bottom of the sea. From Mount Shapton-gluber, there poured a terrific torrent of liquid fire for six weeks, which ran ninety miles to the sea, and was fifty miles in breadth, and the perpendicular height of its sides from eighty to 100 feet; it dried up twelve rivers and filled extensive vallies, so that the whole surface of the country was in a state of igneous fluidity, and resembled an immense lake of melted metal."

These internal fires have produced a great number of yawning fissures and caverns, and give rise to innumerable boiling springs, which the natives use both medicinally and to cook their vic-

tuals without fire. There is one, the approach to which is announced by a noise resembling the fall of a great cataract. At intervals, several times a day, it throws up a column of boiling water many feet in thickness, to the height of nearly one hundred feet.

Le Moncier, a Frenchman, thus describes  
LAPLAND:

Conceive to yourself a country formed as it were by a collection of mountains from all the other parts of the world, and covered, or rather loaded, with ice and snow from the pole---this is Lapland. Conceive too the most uncouth squat figure possible, clothed in dirty skins of beasts---this is the Laplander. But this country, says the natives, was the Paradise in which our first parents dwelt, and from which all nations have their origin. Placed upon the top of the globe, they esteem themselves *above* all mankind. They are of divine origin! Probably the gods of the ancients were supplied from Lapland: their chief arts at this day prove them of celestial breed: they are manufacturers of thunder, lightning, hail, and storms.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## CHATHAM-STREET WIT.

A LADY a few days since stepped into a dry-good store in Chatham-St. and asked; "Have you any blue Levantine, Sir?"---to which the witty clerk replied; "yes, Miss"---and immediately took a piece from the shelf, and having unfolded it, 'twas of a pink color; which the Lady observed was different from *what* she had asked for.---"Only imagine it *Blue*, Miss, and 'twill answer perfectly as well," uttered this *discerner of shades*. "You had better let me cut you off two or three yards of it." Well, replied the Lady, "you may give me three yards and a half of it."

The quizzical clerk *now* imagine, that he had made a fool of a young Lady, if never before in his life.

The Lady was just leaving the store, when Mr. Quiz informed her, that she had not paid for the Levantine--To which she returned--Only *imagine it paid for*, and 'twill answer perfectly as well--Leaving the gentleman to *pocket his own wit*.

### THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of king William III. there lived at Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family in an odd year, or an odd day of the month--and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner and behaviour. The very letters of their christian names always happened to be of an odd number. The husband's name was Peter and the wife's was Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, and his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of his left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident. James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born, with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked; all these, except David, were remarkably short, and Ezekiel was six feet two inches high, at the age of nineteen. The stumped-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David, got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was black as jet, and the wife's as remarkably white, yet every one of the children had red hair. The husband had the misfortune of falling into a saw-pit, where he was starved to death, in the year 1701, and the wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David,

died at different places, on the same day, in the year 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

### FATAL

### PESTILENCE IN THE AIR.

In the reign of Henry the III.

From a Scarce Old Chronicle.

THE 13th day of March (says an ancient record from which this account is taken) the newe moone was seene, where the chaunge by nature should not have beene tyll the 16th day following, and for the space of 15 days that then next ensued, the sunne, the moone, and starres, appeared of a red colour. And herewith the whole face of the earth seemed as it had been shadowed with a thicke myst, or smoke, the winde notwithstanding remaining north and north east. And herewith began a sore drought, continuing a long time, the which, together with morning frosts, and northerly winde, destroyed the fruites and other growing things, which were blasted in such wise, that altho' at the first, it was a very forward yeare, and great plentie towards of corne and fruit, yet by the meanes aforesaid, the same was greatly hindered, and specially in the summer season, which the sunn's heat increased, and the drought still continued. The residue of suche fruites as then remayned, withered away, so that scarce a teath part was left, and yet there was indifferent store. For if the abundaunce which the blossomes promised had come forward, the trees had not been able to have borne the same. The grasse was so burned up in pastures and meadows, that if a man took up some of it in his hands, and rubbed the same never so little, it straight fell to poulder, and so cattle were readie to starve for lacke of meate: and because of the exceeding hote nightes, there was such an abundaunce of fleas, flies, & gnattes, that people were vexed, and brought in case to be weary of their lives. And herewith chaunced many diseases, as

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sweates, agues, and others. And in the harvest tyme there fell a great death or murreyn amongst cattel, and specially in Norfolke, in the fennes, and other partes of the south. The infection was such, that dogs and ravens feeding on the dead carrynes, swelled straight wayes and dyed, so that the people durst eate no bief, least the flesh happily might be infected.

Also this was noted, not without great wonder, that young heyfers and bullockes followed the mylche kine, and as it had been calves sucked the same kine. Also apple-trees and peare-trees, now after the tyme of yeelding their ripe fruite, began againe to blossome, as if it had beene in Aprill. The cause of the death of cattel was thought to come hereof. After so great a drought which continued from Aprill to July, when there followed plentie of raine, the earth began to yeelde her encrease most plenteously, though not so wholesome as usual: and the cattel, which before were hunger-starven, fed now so greedily of thys new grasse, sprung up in an undue season, that they were suddenly puffed up with fleshe, and such unnatural humours, as bredde infections amongst them, whereof they dyed.

### VARIETY.

#### THE BLUE DEVILS.

When any one is in a melancholy mood, it is a common saying, *he has the blue Devils*. This expression is supposed to have originated from the circumstance of Archibald, a former Duke of Argyle, who for a long time thought himself haunted with spectres of a blue colour.

#### SPECULATION.

A short time since, says a late Ohio paper, there passed through this place a pedlar, having among other articles, *Wooden Nutmegs for sale*! It is reported that there actually were some of them purchased in this place.

### *A Bachelors alphabetical description of what a wife ought to be.*

Amiable—affectionate—agreeable—artless—affable—accomplished—amorous—beautiful—benign—benevolent—chaste—charming—candid—cheerful—complacent—careful—charitable—clean—civil—coy—constant—dutiful—dignified—elegant—easy—engaging—even—entertaining—faithful—fond—free—faultless—good—graceful—generous—governable—good-humored—handsome—humane—harmless—healthy—heavenly-minded—intelligent—interesting—industrious—ingenuous—just—kind—lively—liberal—lovely—modest—merciful—neat—notable—obedient—open—obliging—pretty—prudent—pious—polite—pleasing—pure—peaceable—righteous—sociable—submissive—sprightly—sensible—tall—temperate—true—unreserved—virtuous—well-formed—witty—well-tempered—wealthy—young.

The celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather, as a precaution against the calamity of tedious visitors, wrote over the door of his study in large letters, *Be Short*.

#### TURTLE EATING.

Quin was asked once what he thought of Turtle eating, "by the l—d," says he, "it is a thousand pities, that on such occasions, a man had not a stomach as long as the cable of a first rate man of war, and every inch *palate*."

#### A MORAL SENTIMENT.

On the decease of beloved friends, how apt are we to ruminate rather on our loss than on their gain! and to mourn over their deserted bodies (like school boys seeking a bird's nest and disappointed at finding it empty,) not considering the dangers their late inhabitants have escaped, and that, at the very instant we are indulging ourselves in unavailing lamentation on their account, they may be exercised in melodious responses, or feeding upon the most delicious fruits of the King's garden.

## Seat of the Muses.

The following beautiful and heart-touching lines were written on the death of a young man of the name of M<sup>r</sup> Williams, formerly clerk of Rockingham county, Virginia, who died lately; they are taken from the *Winchester Gazette*.—It is said by the author, in a short introduction, that they describe real scenery; that the facts are not the offspring of fancy, but that the whole is almost *literally true*. I know not when I have met with poetry superior to the fourth verse.—*Ed. N. Y. Eve. Post.*

THE moon was bright the night was clear;  
M<sup>r</sup> Williams' corse lay buried near,  
Where shiv'ring, stood an aged seer,  
Pondering life's sad vicissitude.

This hallow'd ground was lifted high—  
Hush'd was the town that lay hard by;  
No passing breeze was heard to sigh;  
Still was the busy multitude.

'Twas midnight;—but one day had fled  
Since he who *was*, but *now* is dead,  
Slept sweetly in his lowly bed,  
Aloof from man's ingratitude.

The clock that tells time's ceaseless tread,  
The sigh that says our hope is fled,  
The joyless laugh from dreamers' bed,  
Mark'd well this hour of solitude.

Silence, intent to make this hour  
Shew forth her awe imposing power,  
Held in her breath—bade nature cower,  
As though it were in servitude.

Ah! what is that which strikes the eye?  
Is it a fitting ghost goes by;  
It seems to laugh:—yet heaves a sigh;  
How fearful the incertitude!

Hear how it mutters—list,—the cry!  
It stops,—and now it aims to fly,—  
Weeps out aloud—approaching nigh,  
Staggering with decrepitude.

"I kiss'd him in his coffin twice,  
It seem'd as though my lips press'd ice."  
This she repeated more than thrice.—  
Then sunk—o'ercome with lassitude.

"I wrapt him in his swaddling clothes,  
And kiss'd him then,—he's gone!—God  
knows  
How he'll endure the wintry snows,  
In this bleak, northern latitude."

'Twas Nancy! One whose wits had fled;  
By stealth she left her humble bed,  
To seek, she said, among the dead,  
The comfort of her widowhood.

Poor wretch forlorn! ah! who can tell  
The griefs that now thy bosom swell;—  
—Storms *he* can lull, who storms impels,  
Or ease thy heart's inquietude.

Avaunt the thought that spurns the *rod*!  
The heart is right that owns a God,  
Unerring rules,—be this men's laud,  
Be this our high beatitude.

### PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY, *written in a ball-room by W. Barker.*

To dance, or not to dance—that is the  
question,  
Whether 'tis better in an awkward fellow  
With gait uncouth and feet turned in, to  
stand  
A mere spectator; or with hand presum-  
ptuous  
To lead out a partner—to dance chassée  
No more—and by one effort say we end  
Vile mauvaise honte, and all the ungrateful  
fears  
That bashfulness is heir to—'tis a deed  
Devoutly to be wished—to dance, to trip—  
To trip—perchance to tumble—there's the  
rub;  
For from such hapless fall, what laughs  
may rise  
When we have shuffled scarce through half  
the room,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
which makes  
The rusty student in a corner lurk  
Pinching his finger, for who else would bear  
The Coxcomb's sneer, the proud Belle's  
contumely;  
The taunt of foolish widows and the spurn  
Which patient rustics of pert misses take,  
When he himself might his quietus work  
By a mere caper—who would fiddle's hear  
Yet sweat and groan under the fear of danc-  
ing,  
But that the dread of some unhappy blunder

Some unforeseen mistake (a foul disgrace  
Which time will ne'er wipe off) puzzles the  
    will  
And makes us rather sit and hide our faults  
Than dance and publish them.

From the Connecticut Herald.

In the town of Wysox, Bradford county, State of Pennsylvania, is the "ci de-vant, residence of a Hermit. It is a beautiful valley, embosomed by mountains, and refreshed by a small river which looses itself in the waters of the Susquehanna. The name of the solitary old man, who was a few years since, found dead in his cabin, and buried under an apple tree planted by his own hand, in the midst of his garden, was "FENCE-LOR." Hence the place still does and probably ever will retain the name of "Fencelor Castle." This sequestered spot, replete with the most delightful scenery, is now occupied by a gentle man of taste and fortune—an emigrant from Connecticut—who recently transplanted into that garden of Nature, where under the smiles of a beneficent Providence, they enjoy a home admirably suited to that romantic spirit of enterprize, before which the Western forest is retiring, and at whose magic touch the haunt of the Savage is converted into the "Garden of Hesperia."

In the following lines, I have supposed the Hermit once to have had a Wife and Daughter, lest the cold insensibility of a stoical Recluse should rob him of the readers sympathy.

### THE HERMIT OF WYSOX.

A TALE.

WHERE Susquehanna rolls its silver tide,  
And drinks the stream of many a crystal flood,  
I sought, at eve, the mountain's leafy side,  
Where liv'd an ancient Hermit of the wood!

Fast by his mossy cabin, overgrown  
With mantling vines, I met his bending form;  
Which eighty winters o'er his locks had thrown  
The broad and frosty mantle of the storm.

Far from the world and all its noisy strife,  
He crav'd no more than simple Nature gave;

Estrang'd from all the charities of life,  
One only blessing needed—'twas a grave!

'Forgive,' I cried, "ah, venerable sire!  
Forbid me not this hallow'd spot to tread;  
Thy home is sacred as the vestal's fire,  
Or mould'ring ashes of the honour'd dead.

'By chance, as roving, on the mountain's side,  
Allur'd by nature's loveliness along;  
I find the home where Peace and you reside,  
Lull'd by the charms of Philomela's song."

The sire replied—"Approach and hear my child  
The simple story of the Hermit's woe;  
And why within this unfrequented wild,  
I end my race of wretchedness below.

"I once was happy on the banks of Tay;  
A Wife and Daughter crown'd my little store;  
None kinder—fairer—lovelier, than they—  
Alas! but Wife and Daughter are no more!

"Before I sought this solitary gloom,  
The Mother left her sorrow for the skies;  
And now the starless midnight of the tomb  
Forever hides my daughter from my eyes!

"By yonder willow bending o'er the brook,  
The ashes of my dear Amanda sleep;  
In early youth her soul its clay forsook,  
And left me here to suffer and to weep."

A manly tear bedew'd his wither'd cheek,  
And down the father's aged bosom stole;  
His anguish'd heart forbade his lips to speak,  
And mighty grief subdu'd the Hermit's soul.

His tottering steps soon brought him to his cell,  
Abandon'd to the bitterness of woe—  
When lifeless, on his mossy couch, he fell,  
And found in glory, all he lost below.

### TO A SPENDTHRIFT.

Thus saith Philosophy amidst her lore,  
"There's none truly happy but the poor:"  
If so the fav'rite die of Fortune's cast,  
And, Tom, thy happiness increases fast.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1817.

## Intelligence.

+ + +

LONDON, Feb. 5-7—On the 28th Jan. the Prince Regent proceeded to the Parliament House and opened the session by a speech from the throne. On his way thither he was insulted by the populace; and on his return was attacked with stones by a mob—the windows of his carriage were broken—Lord J. Murray, who attended the Regent in the state carriage received a wound; and his Royal Highness providentially escaped through the interference of the military.

The House of Commons, took up the subject of this outrage, and voted nem. con. an address to the Prince Regent; which was immediately presented to him at Carlton-House. It was as follows:

"We your Royal Highnesses dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons House of Parliament, beg leave humbly to express our abhorrence of the outrage offered this day to the person of your Royal Highness, & regret that there should be found a person in these dominions capable of committing so daring and flagitious an act. It is the earnest wishes of your faithful Commons, in which they must be joined by all descriptions of faithful subjects, that your Royal Highness would be pleased to direct such measures to be taken as should lead to the apprehension of the authors and abettors of the outrage."

## THE PRINCE REGENT'S ANSWER.

This additional proof of your loyalty and attachment affords me the highest satisfaction. Relying on the affection of the greatest part of his Majesty's subjects, I have nothing to regret but a breach of the laws. I have ordered that the persons concerned in that daring outrage should be brought before the proper tribunals."

Jan. 31.—A proclamation has been published, offering 1000*l* reward for the

apprehension of the person or persons guilty of the late treasonable attempt on the life of the Prince Regent.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—A letter from Bordeaux, this instant received, gives an account of a sedition which had just taken place in that town, and which was attended with fatal consequences. The people sought to oppose the embarkation of the corn destined for other departments. The opposition was so violent, that the military were called in and were obliged to fire upon them. A considerable number of persons were left dead on the spot, and a yet greater number wounded.

Died at Andersier, in this vicinity, within these few days a GANDER, well known to have been full grown when the foundation of Fort George was laid, in the year 1748. His helpmate died only a few years ago.—*London paper of Jan. 17.*

A Dublin Medical Practitioner states that he has seen the symptoms of Hydrophobia checked by the application of the tourniquet.—A girl was bitten in the foot, and this disease supervened; Dr. Stokes applied a tourniquet to her thigh and the symptoms instantly subsided.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

## ANIMAL REMAINS.

It appears that a large mass of the bones of that extraordinary, but now extinct animal, which has received the name of the mammoth, as well as of other quadrupeds, has been discovered at Cromstadt, in Wirtemberg. When the late King of Wirtemberg was informed that the teeth of the mammoth and elephant, found at Cromstadt, merited the attention of naturalists, he gave orders for the most accurate researches. They at first found a great quantity of the teeth of Mammoths, Elephants, Rhinoceroses, horses, and Stags; and on the second day they discovered a great mass of these teeth, which were justly an object of general astonishment. Thirteen were twisted together like enormous serpents, at the depth of near seven feet.—The largest of these teeth, although it was but a fragment, was three feet in circum-

ference, and eight feet in length. These bones have, by the King's order, been transported to the Cabinet of Natural History.

+++

*From Havana.*---A gentleman, passenger in the Braganza, 10 days from Havana, informs, that a few days before he sailed, the crew of a Dutch ship arrived there in an open boat, who stated they had been captured off the Moro, by a Carthaginian privateer, plundered of about 10,000 dollars in specie, and 60,000 dollars worth of dry goods.---The crew were then set adrift in the long boat, and the ship set on fire. The Dutch captain was robbed of his wearing apparel, and otherwise treated with great cruelty. The privateer afterwards shaped her course for the Isle of Pines. Our informant adds, that the waters in the vicinity of Havana swarm with picaroons, composed of motley crews of all nations, professing & calling themselves Spanish Patriots.

Captain Little, who arrived at this port on Thursday in 12 days from St. Croix, informs, that there had been no rain at that Island, of consequence, for the last four months.

Captain Nicoll, in 56 days from Rio-Janeiro, informs, that Monte Viedo surrendered to the Portuguese forces on the 24th of January; and that general Artegas had retreated with the whole of the Patriot army to the interior.

Mr. Spafford has published from the Albany Argus a list of the Newspapers which appear in the state of New-York. He gives the whole at 77, of which 42 are deemed Republican. He enumerates 8 daily papers, and 4 semi-weekly, and 66 weekly papers, which are found to give 120 separate publications weekly, and the whole at a moderate estimate gives above 4 millions numbers which are published annually, reckoning the numbers only, and not including any other periodical sheets. The number of sheets thus published is four times as great as the whole population. The general diffusion of knowledge promises great safety to public Liberty.

On Wednesday morning, the body of Patrick Welsh, who formerly resided at 84 Banker-street, was taken out of the river near Governor's Island, and brought to this city.---Welsh has been missing since the night of the 16th December last. It is stated, that on the evening of that day, he, in company with two of his acquaintances, were drinking until a late hour; that a dispute arose between them; and the deceased being challenged to fight, they proceeded to the Battery to settle the dispute.--- *Com. Adv.*

A doctor Green of Berke County, State of Pennsylvania, has discovered a method of curing deaf persons, the principle of which he says is to invigorate the whole system by which the weakened part will have an opportunity to recover.

The Emigration to some parts of the Western country is said to have been so numerous the present season that some of the new settlers have been obliged to return, in consequence of a scarcity of provisions created by such an excess of population.

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### NUPTIAL

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#### MARRIED.

By the rev Mr. Feltus, Mr. John Burrows, jr. to Miss Ann Micheau, both of this city.

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### OBITUARY.

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The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city during the week ending on the 5th inst.

#### DIED.

Henry G Livingston, esq. aged 57.

Mrs. Sarah Irving, relict of William Irving, aged 79.

Mr. Robert Tate, aged 43.

Mr. William Henderson, aged 35.

Francis Allicocke, son of Christopher K. Allicocke.

Mrs. Mary-Ann, wife of Mr. L. A. Stollenwerk, aged 29.

Mrs. Charlotte Laune, wife of Mr. Stephen Laune, aged 37.

Mrs. Rachel Holly, aged 90.

Mr. Darby Clark, aged 45.

EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL HISTORY  
OF CONNECTICUT.

"Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on a summer evening by a vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds adjacent. There are about thirty different voices among them, some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whip-poor-wills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles off. One night in July, 1753, the frogs of an artificial pond about three miles square, and about five miles from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Minnomantic river. They were under the necessity of going through the town which they entered about midnight. The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened. Some expected to find an army of French and Indians, others feared an earthquake or dissolution of nature. Old and young, male and female, fled hastily from their beds with worse shrieking than those of the frogs. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to return to their wives and children, when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wigh, Helderkin, Dier, Tata*. This last they thought meant treaty, and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear. At length, however, it was found that the dread inimical army was only an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water. Such an incursion was never heard of before or since; and yet the people of

Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe, an army under the Duke of Marlborough, would, under the like circumstances, have acted no better than they did."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Answer to Emeline's Charade in our last.

A NEEDLE of great use is found,  
When Sailors o'er the Seas do roam,  
To conduct them where they're bound,  
Or lead them to their native home.

J. L.

Answer to Wilhelmina's charade in our last.

Your first is surely sable NIGHT,  
Which covers deeds both foul and fair:  
A MARE your next; and if I'm right,  
Your whole's the grim NIGHT-MARE.

J. L.

Another to the same.

The *Night* a sable curtain makes  
And hides all nature's breast,  
The (race) *mare* oft appears at stakes,  
The *Night-mare* denies us peaceful rest.

Y.

CHARADE.

My first's who claims an immortal state—  
My second caus'd the Trojan war:  
My whole's the dwelling of the great,  
Who now remains in Albion's power.

WILHELMINA.

Another.

My first you'll hear at early hours,  
My second is the Horses foe,  
My whole's the name that's given a flower,  
Now guess it true you'll find it so.

W——A.

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